

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I whispered to the sun,
I'd throw a few more sunbeams on the
grass.
For know you not that ere the day is done
My lady down the meadow-land will pass.
And, seeing that you reign aloft alone,
There are so many things that you might
do.
Shake myriads of sunbeams from your
throne,
Or sweep the hazy sky from gray to blue.
If I were you, I murmured to the stream
That wound its twisted way to find the
sea.
I'd leave in every nook a tinted dream
That one who passed might stay awhile
with me.
Oh, River, Sunlight, Summer Shadows,
Trees,
There are so many things that I would do,
Such songs I'd utter to the morning breeze.
If I were you—if only I were you!
But were I you, I said to my Desire,
I'd borrow from the dawn a frame of dew
And in the sunrise write, in words of fire,
"Thank God that I am I, since you are you!"
—Naomi Saunders, in Chambers' Journal.

How a Life Was Lost and Won

ATTIRED from head to foot in a solemn black, speaking not a superfluous word to guest or menial, methodical in every movement, of a presence which at once inspires respect and almost reverence—such is the personality of an old, white-haired man, who, a few months ago, attracted the attention of all who saw him during his sojourn at the Westminster chambers.

From day to day the curiosity of the other guests of the hostelry grew. Men were sent by their wives to try to get the mysterious personage to talk, but in vain. They were always met with courtesy and respectful words, but like a snail the old gentleman would draw back into his shell of silence as soon as he discovered that mere curiosity was the instigator of the conversation.

Dick Davis, who "covered" the hotels for one of the daily papers, had laid the most intricate plans, by the use of which he hoped to waylay the silent stranger, but each and every one was frustrated. At last, being almost driven to despair, he decided to forget all schemes and plots and simply send his card to the man in question, with an accompanying note, seeking an interview.

What was the surprise of the young newspaper man to receive an answer which informed him that the request would be granted.

He proved to be no less a personage than Col. Thomas Sheldon, of New Orleans, now nearly 50 years old, who has been first a prosperous and happy cotton planter, next a dissolute gambler and spendthrift, and now is known all over the country as a philanthropist and general well-doer.

The colonel rose as the reporter entered the room, and on motioning the younger man to a chair, said:

"Of course, Mr. Davis, after hearing my name, you are partially acquainted with the story of my eventful life. It was my intention to keep secret to myself the full story of my downfall and subsequent rise as long as life lasted, but when your card was sent to me to-day I realized that perhaps my story would serve as a lesson to younger men than myself, and so I have decided to tell you how my life was lost and won again."

"I must ask you to imagine yourself in the beautiful cotton country of Louisiana as it appeared in 1858. I was a happy man in those days, a prosperous cotton planter of many acres, and possessing as fine a body of slaves as ever worked for one master."

"But all this had become mine through inheritance, and I was not so happy on their account as I was over something which I knew I had gained by my own individual efforts. This was my wife—so young and glorious."

"When she first came into the old plantation house I gave up all the bad habits which, as a youth, I had acquired, I thought, never to be reinstated in my nature, for how could a man cause such a wife as she to be sad?"

"But my happiness was of short duration. One morning, less than a year from the time she had first tripped up the long stairway, she was carried down in her coffin."

"The days went by very slowly then. I had lost my interest in the plantation, and when the time came for the annual trip to New Orleans to dispose of my cotton crop I plunged with frightful energy into the life of dissipation which I had left on being married."

"As soon as I returned to the fields, I grew restless. There is no need to recount all my visits to the metropolis, as no new features developed except a fondness for the gaming table, which grew stronger and stronger, until I discovered that all my available funds had gone and that heavy mortgages had accumulated on my once prosperous, but now sadly neglected, plantation."

"At last I decided to have a last try at the gaming board, and if that were not successful, to end my unhappy and unfortunate life and seek rest in the great unknown. Accordingly, I raised as much as possible on all the property which was not encumbered. When I reached New Orleans I had just ten dollars in the form of a ten-dollar gold piece, besides \$5,000 in bills of large denominations."

"I was to go to the club, the Alhambra, now extinct, where all the high playing was being done, and risk all in a mad venture to win back my honor and my home. If unsuccessful, I decided to put an end to my miserable life in my room at the hotel."

"I was walking along by the high stone wall which incloses the park, thinking of the young wife who had blessed my life for such a short time, when a most peculiar sound greeted my ears. It was the cry of a woman in grief. A sobbing wall, and it seemed to come from the opposite side of the wall. I rapidly went to the nearest entrance to the park and hurried to the spot from which I thought the sound came. I had not gone far before I heard the cry again, and hastening, saw a young girl leaning in an angle of the wall, sobbing as if her poor heart would break."

"Tell me what the trouble is, little one," I said; "perhaps I can help you."

"She started at the sound of my voice and looked up at me with tear-filled eyes. After a few moments of questioning, I heard her touching little story, which was told with just enough sobbing hesitancy to convince me that this was no impostor."

"She had just left what had once been her home in the country, 40 miles out of the city. Her father had died a year before, and now her mother had followed him. Now the girl, friendless and alone, had come to the city to seek her brother, who had left home for New Orleans several years before and had not been heard from since."

"My heart was touched by her simple story, and my hand went down in my pocket and came in contact with the ten-dollar gold piece, and I gave it to her, telling her to be careful of it, to get herself a night's lodging, and to meet me on the veranda of the club-house in the morning, and that, if I were there, I would help her to find her brother; knowing that I would not be there if unsuccessful at the night's play, but also that if I were there I would be well able to help her."

"I then left her and went on my way to the club and started to play with a recklessness that paralyzed my opponents. Bill after bill was thrown on the board, and soon, before I realized what it meant to me, only \$100 remained between me and—eternity."

"I breathlessly threw it on the table. As the ball rattled its way about the spinning wheel my mouth grew dry and



"TELL ME WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!" my tongue felt like velvet. "Eleven

—the red—and the even," the croupier droned out, and I rushed from the room, my head in a whirl, my temples throbbing with the pulse which I thought was so soon to cease."

"I almost ran out on to the veranda, forgetting my hat—everything except the fact that I had lost and that I would keep my vow. I tumbled over a chair, and looking down into it, was thunderstruck to see, calmly sleeping there, the girl I had befriended. She had evidently wished to be near her benefactor, and, unknown to me, had dogged my footsteps to the club."

"I remembered the ten dollars I had given her. Did she still have it? I fumbled until I found her pocket, and there, tied into the corner of her handkerchief, was the gold piece. It looked very big and shiny when I untied the knot."

"I ran back into the club and threw the money on the table. The coin lay on the square 17, the red and the odd. It won, paying me 32 to 1."

"Again I won, and again, I was playing for my life now, and made no more rash bets. I won in the remainder of the night enough to buy back the old plantation and still have a balance of \$10,000 to my credit in the bank."

"Again I went out on the veranda. I would help that girl to find her brother, and when he was found would see that they did not want for anything in this world, for had she not saved my life, honor, everything?"

"But when I came to the chair it was empty. I looked at the church clock across the way. It was late. Probably the girl had decided that I was not able to keep my appointment with her, and so left. But had she discovered the loss of her money?"

"For a whole week I searched the city over for traces of that girl, and at last I found her selling wild flowers on the street at the water front. At once I instituted a systematic search for her lost brother, and finally located him in one of the large stores."

"I bought back the old home and once more applied myself diligently to my work there, and I built what is now called the 'Mary Thorne home for friendless girls.' I had previously given \$10,000 to the girl and her brother. The young man started a modest little business for himself and is now a prosperous merchant."

"The home still stands, and is still performing its mission of good. I am glad to say that this, in my estimation, is a monument erected to the reform of one soul. My own. The name?"

"Oh, yes. Mary Thorne is the name of the homeless little girl."

"This is my story. It is an interesting one, to be sure, but after hearing it can you wonder that I am a sort of recluse from society?"—Boston Globe.

DR. THOS. OWINGS.

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W. M. Girchist and grandson, Malcolm Howing are the guest of relatives in Pike county this week.

The Valley Magazine.

When the publication of the Mirror Pamphlets was begun it was only with the idea that the little periodical would have a circulation fit though few. Contrary to expectation the demand for the little essays was quite heavy and the attainment in two years of a circulation of 10,000 copies was a surprise.

This success of a periodical devoted to but one article, an issue and by the same writer, naturally suggested that an enlargement of the scope of the periodical would still further appeal to the public, and so negotiations were begun with a view to making of the Mirror Pamphlets a popular magazine.

It has now been determined to merge "The Mirror Pamphlets" in "The Valley Magazine" and to issue the new periodical monthly at the small price of 50 cents per year or five cents per copy—the same rates charged for the Pamphlets.

The first number of The Valley Magazine will appear about July 1st and all subscribers to the original publication will receive the new one until the expiration of the term for which they have subscribed.

A strong corps of contributors has been secured for The Valley Magazine and the contents will be of a character so diversified that there will be something for all tastes that are good tastes. The reading is made up of original stories, critical articles on literature art, the drama, etc., poetry, biographical, historical and travel sketches, editorial comments on the more important events of the month, and, in short, all sorts of literary matter that is appropriate to a magazine for general circulation. The publication will be of no political persuasion and, in fact, political matters will be barred from its pages.

The reading matter of the magazine will have especial interest to the people of the Mississippi Valley, which purpose is fully embodied in the name "The Valley Magazine," although the articles, sketches, stories, etc., will not be confined to treatment of the matters solely interesting to the inhabitants of the territory indicated.

It is not intended that, at first, The Valley Magazine shall be an illustrated monthly, although il-

lustrations is involved in the plans for later development, when arrangements shall have been made for securing illustrations as good as the best to be found in the magazines of the East. No attempt will be made to make the publication popular at the expense of choiceness of quality. The intention is to make The Valley Magazine the very best in tone of all the modern cheap magazines, quality being the desideratum in all its contents, rather than quantity, although there shall always be a sufficiency of the latter. Furthermore, conventionality will be avoided without pushing unconventionality to those offensive extremes which are sometimes sought by publishers who would startle the morbid public to attention.

Starting with an assured circulation of 10,000, The Valley Magazine will be a valuable medium for the advertiser who wishes to reach the purchasing public of the Mississippi Valley. The rates will be found to be reasonable.

The people who have been reading the Mirror Pamphlets, because of their interest in the essays by Mr. William Marion Reedy, are assured that that gentleman will continue to be representative in the pages of The Valley Magazine by a variety of little essays, sketches, short stories and occasional verse, his agreement to that effect being a condition precedent to the merging of the Pamphlets in the new enterprise.

In brief, The Valley Magazine will be the best magazine in quality of subject-matter that has ever been put forth in this country at the low price of 50 cents per year.

Those desiring further information concerning the new venture may address The Valley Magazine 203 North Tenth street, St. Louis.

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We have on hand 16 Bundles of remnant paper left over from the spring trade, which we prefer not to carry over until the fall as we wish to buy new stock and have no room for it. This paper formerly run in prices from 10 to 25c per bolt which we now sell in bundles averaging 12 bolts to the bundle. As this lot of paper will be rapidly exhausted we advise those interested to call at once.

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